C-221-5-1

# Northern Messenger

Wm Brouscombe 1906

VOLUME XL. No. 44 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 3, 1905. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

## The House of a Thousand Terrors.

('Friendly Greetings')

More than three hundred years ago, the city of Rotterdam awoke one autumn morning to find a squadron of Spanish warships floating upon the broad bosom of the Maas.

The enemy had come! Like an electric spark the tidings flashed through the city, startling the inhabitants out of their usual quiet routine of duty. The enemy had come! Women turned pale and clasped their children

IN SEARCH OF THE FUGITIVES.

to their breasts, and men rushed forth into the streets by one common impulse.

Hitherto Rotterdam had escaped the fate which had befallen so many other towns in Holland. Now their time was come. The Spaniards had stolen upon them unawares, and rumor whispered that the city gates were to be thrown open to the foe.

The town was astir from one end to the other. Pale faces looked through every window, and the streets were thronged with stern-faced men, who gathered for a moment in groups, and then sped on to the Town Hall.

There tumult reigned. Terror, not uncalled for, blanched the face of the boldest, and indignation found vent in a storm of protest. Presently the voices hushed, for the grave Burgomaster stood before them with uplifted hand.

In a calm manner, which of itself had a soothing effect upon the excited multitude, the chief magistrate told them that their fears were needless. In his hand he held a letter, received that morning from Admiral Bossu—a letter written with the express purpose of allaying any groundless alarm. In spite of this warlike array of ships and men-at-arms, the Admiral's intentions, it seemed, were peaceful. All he asked was permission to march through the town, in order that his troops might join the main body of the army. If the good burghers would grant this favor, he pledged his word of honor that no harm should befall them.

Once more a storm of eager voices filled the great hall; some, in the strong reaction of relief, voting for acquiescence, others, more prudent, fearing treachery.

Again the Burgomaster spoke. He reminded his hearers that might was on Bossu's side. His request denied, he would certainly assault the town, and no mercy could then be expected. This danger a courteous reply might avert, and why should they doubt the Admiral's honor? Bossu, although serving the Spanish king, was yet a fellow-countryman, and therefore had a claim upon their respect.

The discussion which followed was less vehement in character. The policy of concession gained ground; for none could deny that the city was in no condition to offer a successful resistance to such troops as Bossu had at command. Moreover, the honest burghers had no wish for war. Most of them were shopkeepers, with instincts commercial rather than martial. In defence of their rights they could, and would, fight valiantly, but they preferred peace while peace was possible.

A vote of agreement was accordingly passed, permitting Bossu and his men to march through Rotterdam. To satisfy the prudent minority, however, the Burgomaster added a condition to the warrant. Only one corporal's company at a time was to enter the town. To this document the Admiral set his seal.

The citizens dispersed, each to his home, his shop, or his warehouse, satisfied that all was well.

But one man was not satisfied. A prosperous burgher, who lived at the corner house of the great square, went home ill at ease. He, for one, had no faith in Bossu's specious promises, and his heart thrilled with anguish as he thought of the women and children in the houses he passed. What a fate awaited them!

Compassion born of true benevolence ever bears fruit. Before he reached home, he had determined to do what one might to rescue these helpless lambs from the fierce wolves of Spain.

His good wife entered heartily into his scheme, which was neither more nor less than the turning of her well-kept, spotless home into a general House of Refuge. It was no light trial to the careful Dutch housewife to submit to the spoiling of her dainty furiture and the scratching of her polished floors; but the sacrifice was cheerfully offered.

To make more room, all the furniture which could be moved at such short notice was bundled out into the back yard. The shutters were also closed, and the windows broken, in order to give the house a wrecked appearance. Then they invited their neighbors to take shelter beneath their roof—an offer no less than a thousand women and children are said to have accepted.

Meanwhile, by order of the Burgomaster, the city gates were thrown open, and the Spaniards entered; not only a corporal's company, but the entire troop; not peacefully, for each man had a drawn sword in his hand. The gatekeeper, terrified at the sight, attempted to reclose the gates, and was at once cut down and slain by Bossu himself. On they swept, the wicked admiral at their head, his sword red with the blood of the murdered gatekeeper.

A general massacre now began, and a long, wild shriek of agony arose above the doomed city Alas for the men who, with misguided

confidence, were busy with their ledgers instead of buckling on their swords! And alas for the hapless women and children who already filled the streets, flying they knew not whither, for death met them at every turn!

The corner house was now full; packed from garret to cellar with trembling fugitives—men and women armed with the courage of despair, and little children too frightened to cry.

When no more could be admitted, the master of the house locked and barred the door, and, taking the kid his wife held in readiness, he cuts its throat and suffered the blood to stream beneath the door.

Not a moment too soon. The tread of armed men was heard; the great square resounded to the clash of steel and the shrieks and groans of wounded and dying men and women.

Now the assassins reached the corner house, and, pausing in their dread work, glanced up at the broken windows. Here was a house they had not desolated, yet upon the white doorstep was ample evidence of slaughter! The blood seemed to cry, 'Enough! Here the work of destruction is complete. Pass on!'

So on they sped, carrying death and ruin in their train; while from the House of Refuge arose a deep, voiceless burst of thanksgiving to Him who had granted success to the simple strategem.

In the peaceful Rotterdam of to-day the old Dutch mansion still stands—the time-worn monument of a bygone day of woe. Above its ancient doorway it bears the well-earned title, 'The House of a Thousand Terrors.'

## Jemmie's Country Week.

(S. V. Du Bois in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'I reckon heaven can't be much finer than this.'

It was poor little Jemmie Allen who gave expression to this thought as he stood upon farmer Brown's broad verandah, gazing across the broad fields of rolling grass and grain. He was sick, poor child, and had never known any one of the comforts peculiar to most of us. When farmer Brown handed him out of the waggon to his wife, a surprised and grieved look greeted him. 'Why, father,' she said aside, 'he looks fit to die. I think they might have sent us a healthier one than this.'

'It appears like they must have known that you were a powerful nurse, mother,' was father's cheery answer. 'I calculate the little fellow's real patient-like, and he has never been used to giving much trouble, I reckon.'

It was Jemmie's first outing, perhaps it would be his last one; there seemed everything to indicate such a result. But the fresh country air and appetizing food, such as he had never known, acted upon him as no other tonic could have done, and the kind lady who sent him to farmer Brown's home instead of the Children's Ward in the hospital, must have had a premonition of the truth.

He gained strength every day, and so quaint and many were his remarks about all that he saw, that it shortly became the pleasure of the farmer's leisure hour to draw the wee mite out. Then they learned that he was alone in the world. Auntie Bowers, who wasn't an Auntie, let him sleep in a corner of her cellar at night, providing he wouldn't trouble her in the daytime. Sometimes he got food and sometimes he didn't, for of late he had been too sick to work, and he couldn't beg or steal. Often when he laid on his little whisp of straw at night he prayed that Jesus would send an angel and take him to heaven. But instead a kind lady connected with the Country Week Fund found him and sent him to farmer Brown's, and the little fellow's eyes fairly grew bright with joy as he spoke: 'I'm glad I saw this anyway before I went,' he cried, looking into the good man's face.

When the last day of the week came the farmer and his wife held a tearful consultation. There was but one agreement between them: Jemmie could not be allowed to go back to the city slums to die. He had gathered his belongings together, a few little ferns and flowers, and some pretty pebbles in his pockets. He had just returned from taking his last look when they gathered him in and told him he was to go no more from them. Then there was a glad cry of surprise and joy, and Jemmie, who had never before known the pleasure experienced from Breathing God's pure air, and the strepgth derived from nourishing food, had found a home, where, if God willed it so, he might live to grow into broad, expansive manhood.

## What Jesus is.

He is a path if any be misled;
He is a robe if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he sets free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth,
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.
—Selected.

## 'Like as a Father.'

(Mary Jewett Telford, in the 'Union Signal.')

It was no new thing for Marion to travel among the mountains, and she was unusually dis-spirited that day, at the best, so the wonders of gulch and rock and dancing brook did not fix her mind. But the face of a child just before her attracted her singularly. Not an uncommon child at all; just a little girl in somewhat ill-sorted attire, trying to get the attention of her father. On his part, the President's message proved too engrossing to allow a thought of his daughter. She bore but illy the tossing of the car around from the sharp curves of a new roadbed, and half pettishly she undertoned a cry, as grown children would like to do, for some one to tell her what was the matter.

Marion's own childhood had been a pain which she never cared to recall. A selfish father, ignoring the very needs of his family, the joys and sorrows of his own children gave him little thought. A wall of indifference gradually grew between them, and as the father had left her to shift for herself since the death of the mild mother, Marion purposely refrained from answering his infrequent letters. Worse than this, the young woman put off God's repeated calls to her to give Him her heart, on the ground that fatherhood was only tyranny. Didn't she know by bitter experience what a father was? She would own no being as the one Father, then.

Her little travelling friend grew more sick and almost wailed. The unconscious father read on. Marion's heart was moved more to anger towards the father than sorrow for the child. 'As a father pitieth,' she said to herself scornfully. 'No father pities. It's a farce, this stuff called paternal love.' And again her rebellious thoughts pushed the Father-God far away.

Then the travelling heroine before her put her little head between the father's paper and his face, saying sweetly: 'I know my papa loves me, and I know he doesn't love that old newspaper! I'm so sick, papa; sicker than I ever was.'

Marion was keenly expectant of a sharp rebuke. But she did not hear it. The pre-occupied look left the father's face instantly. He tossed the paper on the seat opposite, gathered his child closely in his arms with tender words, deprecating his lack of thought and murmuring comfort and cheer till the white face took on color again and the eyelids drooped and closed. For a long time she lay thus, her father's thought manifestly of her alone. Then he laid the sleeper carefully down on the seat before him, and forgetting all the other world, his face showed what his soul felt toward the precious life lying there.

Marion could but see it all. She must have changed her seat in the now full coach not to see it. Was there not, too, a special word for her soul in the inner voice and outer vision? Since her gentle mother's death no human being had given her such a look as that. No, not one. But persistently and with a widely different meaning the words of holy writ came again, 'Like as a father pitieth his children,' and she knew as she had never before realized the personal fatherhood of God.

Time passed without heed till the porter of the tourist car came to arrange berths for the night. Marion early ensconced herself for rest that a busy morrow would make imperative. Unconsciousness was just claiming her when the distinct articulation of the child aroused her. It was not her father to whom she talked; he had gone to a better light to finish the President's message after kissing his child good night.

She was in the middle of her talk to an invisible friend when Marion caught the first sentence. 'And if you have to take my father up to you, dear God, before you get ready for me, please do keep close to him, so he won't get lonesome. I guess he won't have to go for a long time yet. I hope not—but I'm sure, God, you won't forget. He'll miss me so.'

The first apprehension of filial relationship came to poor Marion's understanding as she lay that night in the tourist sleeper. The beautiful surprise of self-forgetting love—self lost in another dearer than self. Why had her eyes been so blinded by her own personal loss of parental love as not to have found it in others? And why had this child, with so common a face and so rare a heart, been put within her sight and touch all these hours?

Over and over, before sleep sealed her eyes on that night, did Marion murmur, 'O our Father who art in heaven.' Again and again she repeated the words which had held no meaning in her life before; repeated them simply, as if the wisdom of her soul were in those six words and she had no petition beyond them. And God the Father knew.

That was four years ago. Marion's face has lost its hardening lines, for the peace of the Father is in her soul. Her own earthly father, defeated and earth-hurt, has appealed to her for help and not in vain.

She has never seen the unconscious agent God sent her since that journey in the tourist car, and never may. But some day a bright star will shine in the little one's coronet, and father and child may wonder together that heaven's infinite purposes can be worked out through the holy relationships of earth.

## Acknowledgments.

### LABRADOR COT FUND.

Ladies' Guild of Christ Church, Lower Ireland, P.Q., $5.00; Mary J. Gilliatt, Granville Centre, N.S., 50c.; Joy McFarland, Parry Sound, 50c.; Jean McLachlan and Louise McLachlan, Chatham, Ont, 50c.; M. Audrey Beckingham, Dalhousie, N.B., 10c.; total, $6.60.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## If We Knew.

There are gems of wondrous brightness
  Oft times lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
  Down the busy, crowded street;
If we knew, our pace would slacken—
  We would step more oft with care,
Lest our careless feet be treading
  To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching
  For the comfort we might bring;
If we knew what souls are yearning
  For the sunshine we could fling;
If we knew what feet are weary
  Walking pathways roughly laid,
We would quickly hasten forward,
  Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us
  Feel a want they never tell—
That some word we've lightly spoken
  Pained and wounded where it fell,
We would speak in accents tender
  To each friend we chance to meet;
We would give to each one freely
  Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

—Selected.

## How the Monkey got the Jam

A sweet little story concerning a pet monkey and a pot of jam is vouched for by a Johns Hopkins University man now residing in Baltimore.

It was in the country and all on a summer's day that the family monkey was seen scudding homeward literally drenched in raspberry jam. He was pursued by an irate neighbor with uplifted broom, but once safe on the home plot he swung himself lightly into the nearest tree and peacefully listened to her tale of wrong.

It seems the neighbor had some hours before been making jam, a great bowl of which sat cooling on a table beneath the trees. This the monkey spied, but had scarcely started liberally helping himself to it when he was discovered. With loud outcry and the broom the lady started toward him, when the mischievous beast, knowing his minutes were numbered, hastily overturned the bowl on the table. Then, rolling himself joyously in it several times from head to heels, he scampered beyond her reach. During the recital of her woe, and, in fact, for the remainder of the day, the monkey sat scooping the sweetmeat from his body and licking his paws with glee.—Baltimore 'Sun.'

## Not Ashamed.

Charley Peters was going to college. With his hat and his grip in his hand, he ran upstairs to say good-bye to his grandmother.

'I'm about to start,' he said gayly. 'If you have any last words, now is the time for them'.

The old lady looked lovingly at her big, broad-shouldered grandson, and reached out a gentle hand to lay on his arm.

'Try to do your duty, my boy,' she said, 'and try not to make a secret of it. It will help the other young fellows to do theirs.'

'Dear grandmother!' was all that Charley said, as he stooped for his good-bye kiss.

One night a group of freshmen were collected in Dan George's room. They were sitting on the bed, the table, the floor—everywhere but on the chairs. Three weeks before they had been strangers; now they were chatting and chaffing together like life-long friends. As the hands of Dan's clock drew near to half-past seven, Charley rose to go.

'What's the matter?' said Dan. 'You are not going to leave us?'

'Yes, I must. I have an engagement.'

'Forget it,' said Billy Archer. 'Break it. We must try to comfort one another, and hope to meet again.'

He was half-way down the narrow corridor of the dormitory when he hesitated. A moment later he opened Dan's door again and put his head in.

'Look here,' he said, 'you fellows need not suffer the pangs of curiosity. I am going to Professor Dean's Bible class, and I don't care about going on the sly.' He slammed the door and departed, this time to stay. There was a moment's silence in the room after he had disappeared.

'What was that for?' asked Dan.

'Advertisement,' said Billy.

'But he didn't wait for any of us to go with him.'

'There are several ways of advertising,' remarked Billy, 'and beware of imitations.'

'If Peters is a Sunday school boy,' said Mat Hewlitt, 'I am afraid he has dropped into the wrong pond. He will be a queer fish among us all, for I guess we are none of us saints, exactly.'

'Don't be cast down,' said Billy, consolingly; 'he may be worse than you fear. Going to Bible class once in a while doesn't altogether make a saint.'

'What do you know about it, old man?' asked Dan.

To this question Billy made no answer, and the talk went on to something else.

A few days later Mat said to the others, 'What do you suppose Peters was upholding at the club to-night?'

'Morning chapel?' asked Dan.

'We were all talking,' Mat went on, 'about what an abominable screw out of the fellows that missionary fund is and he must needs put in and sermonize about missions being pretty nearly as deserving an object as athletics, and what a pity that the "college spirit" couldn't include our dues to the heathen as well as the football championship.

'Wasn't it scandalous?' said Billy. 'What could he have meant by it.?'

'Something serious,' said Dan. 'I really think that Peters' must be a genuine case, for when a man wishes to put his hand in his pocket for that sort of thing, it goes a good way to prove his saintship.'

Up in his room Charley was struggling with the unpleasant sense of having felt obliged to say something not relished by his hearers.

'It is so much easier,' he thought, ruefully, 'to do what you consider right than to own up to it publicly. Why did grandmother put in that clause? I'd like to keep my principles to myself, and then the fellows think I'm a prig, which does not matter, I suppose, but what good does it do?'

It was not long before Mat Hewlitt began to 'work' one of his many 'schemes,' for which he had been famous in his preparatory days. He and Dan and Billy and some others were talking it over one afternoon.

'Charley Peters would be just the one to help,' said Mat, 'if he will.'

'He won't,' said Dan.

'Why not?'

'Well, because everything has to hang so awfully plumb for him, and this—' Dan hesitated over the end of his sentence.

'Isn't in the Bible,' suggested Billy, dryly.

'Pshaw!' said Mat. 'We must have a little fun. We will ask him.'

He went to the window and shouted up to the next story, 'Charley Peters!'

Charley came down.

The plan was expounded to him, and he was urged to join in.

'You are the only man in the class who can help us out,' said Mat, 'and we rely on you.'

'I can't do it,' said Charley.

'Yes, you can. It is the very thing you can do. You must.'

Charley shook his head.

'Why not?' said Dan.

Before there was time for an answer, Mat said, sneeringly, 'Because he is afraid of getting his hands dirty, dear little boy.'

Charley squared his shoulders, and by an unconscious gesture stretched his strong, young fingers out before him.

'I am, indeed!' he said, energetically. 'When I came here to college, I came with the intention of keeping my hands clean, and, please God, I mean to do it.'

That night Billy Archer came to Charley's room.

'Peters,' he said, 'I wish with all my soul that I could be like you.' Charley was too much surprised to speak.

'When I first went off to school,' Billy went on, 'I meant to be good; I honestly did. But, like a fool, I was ashamed of it, and, little by little, I gave in to what my conscience told me was wrong, until now nobody supposes that I have any conscience. I dare say you thought me the most hardened of the crowd.

Charley could not deny it.

There was a moment's silence. Then Billy said, hesitatingly, 'I wonder whether I could —'

'Yes,' interrupted Charley eagerly, 'you can; you will. You will begin over, and do right.'

'Will you stand by me?'

'Yes, I will—and One better than I, Billy.'

It was months after this that Charley wrote to his grandmother: 'I have tried to do my duty, and I have tried to be open about it; and it has helped somebody else, just as you said it would.'

## Started it With 'Enthusiasm.'

In an interview, Booker T. Washington tells the story of some of his early experiences at Tuskegee.

'After teaching in the ordinary way for a while, the impression began to grow upon me that I was largely throwing away my time, trying to give these students a book education without getting hold of them in their home life, and without teaching them how to care for their bodies, and inculcating in them habits of neatness, order and industry. Here it was that I conceived the idea of such a work as has followed.'

'Had you any capital to start such a school with?'

'I had unbounded enthusiasm. I began looking around to see if I could get hold of some land. I found a farm near Tuskegee, that I thought would answer the purpose, but I could not buy real estate with enthusiasm, and I hadn't a cent of money. But my boldness led me to write to Gen. Marshall, the treasurer of Hampton, and ask him to loan me $500 to make a payment on that farm; and to my unbounded surprise he sent me a cheque for what I asked, and I wasn't long in getting the school moved.'

'How have you since managed to get all

your buildings and the other thousands of acres of land?'

'It's a long story. I'll tell you how we got our first building, though. We pitched in and built it ourselves—yes, sir; people scoffed, but we even made our own bricks. The point at which we stuck was the burning of the bricks—none of us knew how to fire a kiln. We had no money to hire labor, but we had to have those bricks, and I owned a gold watch which I took to the pawnshop and got enough money to employ an experienced brick maker to burn the bricks.

'That was a heroic measure, sure. No doubt you cherished that watch as—'

'I have never got that watch out of pawn yet, but we are now manufacturing a million bricks a year. That was a pretty poor sort of building, but we builded self-respect and manhood into it, and when white people saw what we could do, we won their respect. Now we can put up a building that no one need be ashamed of. In our last building the steam heating apparatus and the electric light fixtures were put in by our own steamfitters and electricians. The plans were by an architect from our own school.'—'Ram's Horn.'

## The Lost Child.

'Lost, lost, lost!'
List to the bell-man's chime,
As it thrills on the ear with a sadd'ning sound,
Just at the evening time.

A little fair-haired child,
And only four years old,
Has wandered afar in its childish glee,
Away from the parent fold.

Who can the anguish tell,
The mingled hope and fear,
As the mother waits in that desolate home
Her darling's voice to hear?

Sad, sad, sad
The sound of the bell-man's chime,
As it rings through the busy, crowded street
Just at the evening time;

But sadder, sadder still,
The cry of deeper woe
Which comes from so many childish hearts
That no earthly comfort know.

'Tis heard in the crowded street,
'Mid the city's strife and din,
Where little ones wander with weary feet,
Lost in the ways of sin;

Lost to the voice of love,
To virtues's lessons dear;
Lost to the hope of a home above,
Oppressed with want and fear.

Jesus, with pitying eye
These wandering lambs behold,
And gather them all, in their childhood's day,
Into Thine own dear fold.

—Selected.

## I Want———

(The Rev. Stephen J. Corey, Corresponding Secretary of the New York Christian Mission Society, in the 'C. E. World.')

I saw a little girl come out of a house the other day, crying bitterly. Her mother had denied her a request, and she was wailing: 'I want a doll-carriage! I want a doll-carriage!'

As she walked down to the sidewalk, her petition grew more and more indistinct; and, as she turned and walked toward me, it was only the half-hearted cry: 'I want—I want—!' Finally, as I faced her, it had shortened into a bewildered 'I——!'

I looked into her little tear-stained face, and asked, 'What is it that you want, my little girl?' She gazed at me blankly for a moment; and then, rubbing one eye with a dirty little fist, she smiled shamefacedly, and replied, 'I—don't—know.'

How like the little one we are in our petitions to the heavenly Parent! We ask selfishly for something, and repeat our petition over and over again. We rise from our knees forgetting what we have asked for; and, if the kind Master should meet us on the sidewalk some day, when our brow was all clouded, and ask, 'What is it, child, that you want?' we should shamefacedly confess, I know not, dear Lord.'

## 'Take My Feet.'

Mable B. was an active member of the C. E. Society. Bright, warm-hearted, and impulsive, she was a success as convener of the Sunshine Committee. The flowers were more acceptable to the sick folk in the hospital, accompanied as they were by her ready smile and kindly sympathetic words, and she had been the means of bringing more than one to the Saviour.

She had not been without trial in her own life. Her father was an invalid, and she, with her mother, had to help to earn a living for a small tribe of young brothers, who were all proud of their loving and beautiful sister, especially her twin brother Tom.

'Mabel,' said Tom one day, 'The fellows in our club are getting up a social. Will you come?'

'Oh no thank you,' answered Mabel.

'Why?' asked Tom.

'Because,' began Mabel, and then she hesitated. What she wanted to say was, 'I am a Christian.' What she did say was, 'I don't go to socials now.'

'What a yarn. I heard you talking about a social only a day or two ago, though you didn't ask me.'

'That was a C. E. social. You wouldn't have gone.'

'You didn't give me the chance to refuse. But I don't mind. I want you to come with me to this social. It won't be all hymn singing, but we do nothing that is wrong. Two of the chaps are taking their sisters, and they are bragging about them, but I know none of them can beat you, Mab. Now get vain.'

'But I can't, Tom.'

'Say rather that you won't,' answered Tom, his temper rising. 'You are just getting like other goody-goody people; always talking about self-denial, but you won't do anything to please anybody.'

She did not like to vex her brother. It would be a wretched time for her, but she would be self-denying and go to please him.

'Well, Tom, to please you I will go; but just this one, remember.'

'Spoken like your old self, Mab. Here's the tickets; you can look after them. I'm such a fellow for mislaying things.'

The tickets being in an envelope Mabel did not notice that this social was to be held on Wednesday, the same night as the C. E. meeting.

What would she do? Take back her promise after seeing the pleasure in her brother's face. No she could not. Then she began to think that she had gone very regularly to the meeting. She could not remember when she last stayed away, and then it wasn't as if she liked the social. Of course she would rather be at meeting. It was all for her brother's sake.

'What is the subject for to-night,' asked her father, when the night came round. Usually they talked the subject over together, but this Wednesday she had other things to think about. She must make a slight alteration in her dress, and her hair must be done with more style. If she would please her brother she must look as nice as anybody else.

Mabel found the syllabus for her father and then she noticed it was consecration night. She had forgotten that.

'The subject for to-night, father, is 'The Indwelling of the Holy Spirit.'

'A most comforting subject, Mabel. Wherever we go we have the Holy Spirit in us. Have you studied it?'

'I am going with Tom to-night, father.'

Her father said no more to her but began to recall texts on this subject which had been stored up in his memory.

A good many eyes followed Tom and Mabel as they passed down the hall together. Unmistakable surprise that she should come to such a gathering was seen on some faces; undisguised admiration on others—this pleased Tom.

The first part of the programme consisted of songs, recitations, and a funny dialogue. At first Mabel felt out of place, but when the dialogue came on she could not help laughing. And just then the roll was being called at the C. E. meeting, and her name was followed by that silence which speaks so loudly.

After the concert there was a supper. 'A great spread,' the boys called it. As they passed into the supper room she saw the clock. It was past nine. The meeting would be over she thought, and again the subject for the night came into her mind. Her father had called it a comforting subject, but it did not comfort her there, it condemned her and made her unhappy. Her brother rallied her on looking 'so glum' with so many good things before her, and she put thoughts of C. E. away.

'Can you dance, Miss B.,' asked the young man sitting next to her. Mabel did not answer at once. To be truthful she must say 'Yes,' and this might be taken as willingness on her part to do so.

'Oh, yes, Mab. can dance. We learned when we were youngsters.' It was her brother who answered for her.

'It is some time now since I tried. I don't think I could now,' said Mabel.

'That's a thing one never forgets, Miss B. Promise me one dance please?'

'I think I will go home after supper.'

'Oh, no you don't, Mab. You'll stay it out. There'll be games and lots of fun,' said her brother.

'I think I will go home after supper.'

So she had to stay. There was no way of escape, and soon the light, airy music, with the patter and shuffle of feet keeping time to it, stirred in her the old liking for the pastime. She recalled that she had heard a preacher say that 'there was no harm in a dance,' and she forgot all the qualifying sentences which had followed the remark. Then followed a half-hearted struggle, a wild sort of wish that her mother had never sent her to a dancing school, and then a yielding to temptation, and she was whirling round with the others.

It was after midnight when, on their way home, that a dreary feeling took the place of the hilarious excitement which had filled Mabel's heart.

'You enjoyed it all right, Mabel. You'll come to our next social, won't you?' said Tom.

She stopped in the street, and looked at him. 'You think I enjoyed it, Tom. Perhaps I did; I believe I did, but I wish I had not gone.'

'Why, Mabel?'

'You don't understand, Tom, but I'll tell you. God's Holy Spirit dwells in me. I have dragged Him into that place. You saw how surprised they were to see me there. They expected something different of me, and so does Christ. Oh, Tom, if you——.' She could say no more for sobs.

When they reached home their mother met them at the door, saying:

'I wish you had come home sooner, your father has taken a bad turn. Tom, run for the doctor, and you, Mabel, go and sit by your father till I prepare something to relieve him.'

There followed days and nights of watching by her father's sick bed. She did not find the dance a good preparation for such a time as trial. And it was the week of the consecration meeting before she was free to attend the C. E.

As she passed out on her way to the meeting her brother followed her, saying:

'I am coming with you Mab.'

He tried to joke about it only being fair that he should go with her when she went with him; but in reality he wanted to find out what there was in a C. E. meeting that was preferable to a social. He is a Christian, himself now, but even on that night he understood, when, in response to her name, Mabel, in very humble tones, repeated these words:

'Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.'

He knew that consecrated feet could never mingle in the worldly dance, but must be 'swift and beautiful' to run the Master's messages.—New Zealand 'Baptist.'

## The Two-Faced Appie.

It was a dull, rainy day. Out in the garden, Linda could see the pretty flowers hanging their heads, all dewy with the heavy mist. Only the brave little pansies looked up at her, as she stood at the window watching them; the other flowers were trying to hide away among the green leaves.

'Oh, Harry,' she cried, 'just come and see the pansies! Don't they look just as if they liked to have their faces washed?'

Harry left the block bridge he was carefully building, and ran to the window.

'There is a birdie washing his face, too,' he cried.

In a little pool near by, a sparrow was splashing merrily about, as if he quite approved of rainy days.

'Wouldn't it be jolly if I could jump into the water as he does?' said Harry. 'I don't like to stay in the house when it rains.'

Grandfather had not ventured out of doors this rainy afternoon, but sat in his great easy chair, looking over a pile of old books and seed catalogues. Suddenly he exclaimed:

'I don't know whether to believe that or not!' Evidently he was talking to himself.

'I wonder what it can be that grandfather doesn't believe?' thought Linda.

'What is it that you don't believe, grandfather?' she asked, peeping over his shoulder at the illustrated catalogue.

'Well, dearie, this book tells about a new kind of apple that has two faces. One is very sweet, like our nice Tallman sweets, and the other side is as sour as the winter greening. I don't know what to think about it.'

'I shouldn't like that kind of an apple. It would be a real cheat,' said Linda, promptly. 'If I bit the sweet side, I should think it was a nice apple, and should be disappointed to find the rest was sour; and if I were to taste the sour side first, I should throw away the whole apple.'

Quite logical,' said grandfather, smiling, 'and yet I don't know why there shouldn't be two-faced apples as well as two-faced people.'

Linda looked puzzled. 'What do you mean, grandfather?' she asked.

'Well, I know a little girl who can be very sweet and agreeable. She brings my slippers and newspapers, and is all smiles and sunshine at times. Then, again, she is cross and fretful, and pouts if she cannot do just what she wants to do. Isn't that a great deal like your description of the two-faced apple? If a stranger saw her when she was sweet and sunshiny, he would say, "Well, that is a nice little girl," and would know nothing about the cross side. But suppose he should hear her scolding and crying, because something went wrong? Then he would think, "That is a very naughtly girl," and would not know about her pleasant disposition and ways.'

'Now, grandfather, I'm afraid you mean me,' said Linda. Then she went and sat down by the window to think it over. If there was anything that Linda despised, it was cheating. In the games at the school recess, she was careful that everything should be honest, she would not cheat anybody for the world. And now, as she thought about grandfather's words, she was afraid that she had been cheating people, after all. By and by, she went over and stood beside grandfather's chair, with a very determined look upon her face.

'I'm just going to have one face after this, grandfather,' she said, 'and I think a smiling face is the prettiest, so I shall try always to be good-natured. If I am cross, will you please say, "Sour apples"? and then I shall remember. You see, I don't mean to be a cheat, and have people think I am good when I am naughty so often.'

For a little while, grandfather had to say, 'Sour apples,' quite often, but Linda was in earnest, and at last she was able to keep her face bright and happy nearly all the time.

'I'm glad you told me about that two-faced apple,' she said to grandfather one day, 'for if you hadn't, I might never have known how I was cheating people. It's ever so much more comfortable to have just one face; people know what to expect of you then,' she added, sagely.

'We are all very apt to have company manners and faces that are better than those we use every day. I shouldn't wonder if there were many little girls who ought to know about that two-faced apple. Perhaps they might learn to say, "Sour apples," too,' said her grandfather.

Life's best things are reserved for the boy and girl who greets the world with a happy, smiling face and pleasant manner.—'Sunday School Visitor.'

## Wise Old Goat.

Farmer Wainwright of Cascade has a pet goat and a pet puppy that are great friends. Together they ramble through the neighborhood during the goat's spare moments, when there are no oyster cans, door scrapers and other edibles for it to nibble.

The singular behaviour of the goat one Sunday afternoon attracted the attention of the farmers. It ran to and fro, bleating piteously, and seemed half distracted. Some one suggested that the animal should be followed. The goat seemed to appreciate the fact that it was understood, and led the way to the rear of the yard, where the puppy was found in a pit ten feet deep, almost in its last struggles.

The puppy was rescued and restored to the goat, which greeted it with fond caresses and bleated its thanks to the rescuers.—Susquehannah (Pa.) Correspondence of the New York 'Sun.'

## Dressing Up.

There's a birthday party for me to-night;
I'm eleven years old to-day.
Such fun as we're going to have, to be sure.
Such a frolic and game of play!

But the best of it all is the dressing up
To surprise papa and mamma.
Kate Brown will be our loved Empress-Queen,
And Cyril a jolly Jack Tar.

And Robbie a Tommy Atkins fine,
Though he doesn't look very brave;
And Lizzie and Jim are banditti men
That live in a robbers' cave.

And what am I? I'd almost forgot
My part in that of the others;
But in cap and kerchief I mean to be
The oddest of old grandmothers.

I shall borrow great-uncle's spectacles,
And fix them on to my nose;
And beg or steal the housekeeper's gamp—
Will she lend it, do you suppose?

And I'll tuck these tiresome curls away
Inside the neck of my gown,
And draw a long face, as though, you know,
I hadn't a friend in the town.

It's splendid fun to pretend to be old,
When you're full of life and of go;
But why should old folks pretend to be young?
That's what I'd like to know!

Papa was saying the other day,
As he sat with mamma and me,
That one of the loveliest things in life
Is to grow old gracefully.

Never ashamed of the whitening locks,
And the lines of years in the face,
But taking God's gift of time as it comes,
Sweetened with love and grace.

So I mean to remember this all my life
As the birthdays come and go;
Praying that God will teach me still
All He wants me to know.

—'Child's Companion.'

You take something from the burden of sorrow when you give it something to do.

If God gives you a rose, thank him for it. If he gives you a thorn, do the same.

Don't argue with infidelity; show it the love of Christ.

It took the death of Christ to make our lives worth living.


### NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 367 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

## The Origin of Petroleum.

A very pretty dispute is being revived between men of science concerning the origin of petroleum. Some time ago the chemists came to the conclusion that this valuable product was formed in the depths of the earth by the action of water working on metallic carbons in a state of fusion. It was supposed that under the influence of intense subterannean heat the carbons combined with the hydrogen in the water, and gave birth to petroleum. The geologists tell us this is all wrong, and that petroleum is not produced either by carbons or hydrogen, but is the result of putrefaction of the bodies of animals that have been swallowed up by the earth in some enormous cataclysm similar, for example, to the eruption of Mont Pelee, but, of course, on a much more gigantic scale. This upheaval, says Professor Engler, buried millions of prehistoric quadrupeds, lizards, serpents, and sea monsters, and during all the cycle of years that have elapsed since then the bodies of these animals have been distilled by Mother Nature in her immense laboratory beneath the earth s surface. The result of this distillation is the valuable product that we know as petroleum. Professor Engler has been making extensive experiments, and his views are accepted as correct, that is, for the moment. But in these days of radium you can never tell what new discovery will be made that will upset all previously accepted articles of scientific faith.—'Christian Globe.'

## Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times.')

(Continued.)

As the thread about which the solution crystallizes, so to Man'el was the thought of Miss Susan Kynance. He saw her as she moved about the house, with thrifty and skilful hands controlling its affairs; she came to greet him smiling at the door. More and more her presence grew familiar, until he became almost impatient at times to secure that of which at other times the mere thought overwhelmed him. Such were Man'el's perplexities when Zacchy came again, for the pupil lacked the courage to go to the professor.

'Have 'ee thought about her?' Zacchy began.

'Iss, Zacchy. I've kept my mind steady upon her for a week, and 'tis terrible serious.'

'Well, you must haste and begin, then.'

'What, say something!' gasped Man'el.

'No, not exactly sayin', but just let her see that you'm thinking about her a bit.'

'How, then?' said Man'el.

'Well, there's a tea meeting next week, and you can sit alongside of her, and see that she have got all she want to eat and drink. And put in something pretty, if you can think of it.'

'I never could, Zacchy, I never could,' groaned Man'el.

'Nonsense, it will come right enough. You must give yourself a chance.'

Poor Man'el! Never had any ordeal seemed so terrible. And through the week he went to and fro, carrying a burden on his shoulders that crushed him.

''Tis wearing my life away, Zacchy, and I can't stand it,' he sighed when next they met.

'Nonsense,' laughed Zacchy, 'we'em all like that to the beginning.'

When the tea-meeting came it was Zacchy's care that brought it about so that Miss Susan found herself seated at the table with Zacchy on one side and Man'el on the other. But poor Man'el, thinking it would show his respect for the lady, and finding it easier in this way to hide his bashfulness, turned his back on her the whole time.

'Well, Man'el, how are you?' asked Miss Kynance, presently.

'Good mornin',' gasped Man'el, looking over his shoulder, with a mouth full; 'I do mean good evenin'.' Then he choked and coughed violently.

Will 'ee have some cake, miss?' ventured Man'el later, handing the plate over his shoulder.

''Tis very good of 'ee, I'm sure,' said Man'el, in a tone of infinite relief.

There was a long interval of silence.

'Gone to sleep, 'ave 'ee, Man'el?' cried Zacchy at last. But Man'el was too absorbed for the question to reach his ears.

It was repeated gently by Miss Kynance.

'Zacchy wants to know if you are asleep, Man'el.'

'Asleep?' he cried, rubbing his eyes, 'well I think I was nearly, miss—you see, I was up all night with the old sow, and it do take it out of anybody, that—and—and—thinkin' thinkin' about things.'

'And I told him to say something pretty!' whispered Zacchy to himself. Whereupon he made up for Man'el's neglect by handing Miss Susan some more cake.

Afterwards the professor and the pupil met, the master snorting with scorn and the poor pupil overwhelmed by the utter failure.

'Zacchy,' said Man'el, 'this is the terriblest job that ever was; it isn't no good, not a bit, and I may so well give it up.'

'Man'el, you may. You haven't got the understandin' of a mouse. Why, there isn't not one of God's creatures on the face of the earth but do understand it better than you. See how the birds will get theirselves up in a new suit of feathers and come out in their smartest and sing to their mates like as if they was burstin' theirselves with music. And you, the melancholist-looking chap a female could set eyes upon, and so ugly and awkward in all your ways as a toad. I can't teach 'ee nothing. And Miss Susan so fine and thrifty a woman as you could find, and a tidy sum of money put by and all. I never could have believed it if I hadn't seen it. 'Tis a terrible thing when a man don't understand.'

'I'm afraid I shall never get over it, Zacchy,' said Man'el.

'No, I'm afraid you never will.'

'Well, Zacchy,' pleaded Man'el, timidly, 'do 'ee think you could do it for me, with your experience and all? If you was to tell her for me.'

'I'll send 'ee some hog's puddens for her.' said Man'el.

'Well, mind the Boy's-love and Sweet Williamses.'

'Thank 'ee, Zacchy, I won't forget.'

It was some days later that Tamson Gundry came along to Man'el's house. She had seen it all. Women have in these matters some faculty denied to men and know instantly each step of the progress.

'Well, Man'el, have 'ee heard the news?' she began.

'No, Mrs. Gundry, what is it, then?'

'Why, Zacchy is going to be married.'

'Aw, who to, then?'

'Who do 'ee think?'

'A thrifty woman with a tidy sum put by and all. But can't you guess?'

'Live in the parish, do she?'

'Why, Miss Susan Kynance, to be sure.'

'What a mercy!' cried Man'el, giving a great gasp of relief. 'I am glad.'

'Sent her some hog's puddens, didn't 'ee?'

'Iss, I b'lieve I did,' said Man'el, as if he had forgotten all about it .

'Put your name 'pon 'em, did 'ee?'

'Why, no; I tried, but I hadn't got so much boldness to begin with.'

'And she thought they come from Zacchy.'

'Well, 'tis very kind of Zacchy.'

'You don't mind, then, Man'el?'

'Mind! Why, 'tis the blessedest relief that ever was. I do feel like as if I could breathe again. I do count that Zacchy never did a kinder turn to anybody than he have done to me.'

When Mrs. Gundry was gone Man'el went muttering to himself: 'However could she come for to think that I should mind! Zacchy do know what to do for a man, he do—so terrible experienced and all,' 'tis very kind of 'en.'

(To be continued.)

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the cares of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow!

## The New Palmistry.

A street fakir who claimed to be the Messiah was haranguing a crowd in London. Just as he finished his preposterous assertions, a detachment of the Salvation Army came marching down the street, singing,

'We shall know Him, we shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hands.'

In an instant the crowd caught up the suggestion in the song, and, turning fiercely upon the impostor, demanded, 'Show us your hands! Show us your hands!'

Doubtless any one of those singing, 'We shall know Him,' could have shown hands bearing the marks of sacrifice and service for others. There were women wearing the poke bonnet who scrubbed and toiled for their sisters in the slums. There were men wearing the scarlet uniform whose hands were calloused in ministry to their brothers.

The other day the newspapers told of a woman who had $5,000 worth of rings stolen while she was out giving her poodle an airing, and who declared that she was positively ashamed to be seen at the dinner table with only a small ring or two on her fingers. Few people felt much sympathy for her sad plight.

The world is not as much interested as it once was in the hand that is only beautiful to look at. We laugh at the humbuggery of pretending to read character in the lines nature has left in the hand. But the world is growing every day more and more interested in the hand that is made beautiful by beautiful ministries to others, and we do read character in the marks that serving others leaves in the hand.

The new palmistry exalts the hand that brings things to pass; the hand that cools fevered brows, carries baskets and bouquets of cheer, devises comforts and labor-saving inventions for the millions, points the discouraged and oppressed to Him who is the world's Deliverer and Peace.—'C. E. World.'

## Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

# LITTLE FOLKS

WE SHALL SOON BE ABLE TO MAKE OUR DOLLIES' CLOTHES!

### A Child's Wish.

I would follow Jesus,
And I know I may;
For I hear him calling,
And he shows the way.

I would follow Jesus,
That my tongue may speak
Words which carry comfort
To the sad and weak.

I would follow Jesus,
As a child may do;
Be to all my comrades
Kind and pure and true.
—Selected.

### Zoska.

(By Susan Brown Robbins.)

Cats have character and individuality as well as people. I have known some fifteen cats quite intimately, and no two were just alike. They were timid or brave, gentle or cross, bashful or friendly, nervous or stolid, cheerful or morose, neat or slack, and all with different combinations of traits. Of those I have known, the one with the greatest number of attractive qualities is the subject of this sketch.

Zoska came to live with us when she was about five months old. She was a very tiny maltese, all a solid color save for perhaps a dozen white hairs on her throat. We brought her home in a shredded-wheat box and there was room enough for her to turn around in it. She made no protest on the way, and when the box was opened in the house she looked out calmly and then went about the room on an investigating tour.

This lack of fear and nervousness was one of the first things we noticed about her. We could reach up and take her from any high place and she would with perfect trustfulness allow us to lift her down. Most kittens are afraid to be carried down stairs, but she never minded it in the least.

The first night of her stay with us she was shut in the barn, but early the next morning I heard her mewing near my window. I dressed hastily and went out to find her high up on some vines that grew on the house. She was glad to see me and scrambled down till I could reach up and take her. I carried her to my room, and while I finished combing my hair she sat and watched me, not looking directly at me but at my reflection in the mirror.

It was when she was quite small that I began to teach her to jump. I would put her upon a chair, then standing a little way from her, hold a morsel of food in my fingers and tell her to come. She would jump upon my dress, run up to my shoulder, and get the food. I would then tell her to go back to the chair. With a little instruction she caught the idea, and after a few days' practice could make quite a respectable jump.

The prettiest part of the trick was when she dropped to the floor from my dress and trotted back to the chair to try it again.

We had been greatly troubled with mice while we were without a cat, and had resorted to traps. I remember the first mouse we caught in a trap after Zoska came. She was so tiny that we were afraid it would get away from her if we let it go in the room, so we put both mouse and kitten in the wash-boiler. With this simple lesson in mouse catching, as a beginning, she soon became a good mouser.

At present, Zoska is two and a half years' old. She is a good-sized cat, though not very large. She has small feet, a rather short tail that is half a shade darker than the rest of her, and ears that are a little large for her small well-shaped head. She has an intelligent, pretty face, with large yellow eyes.

She is still of the most trustful disposition, and she is very affectionate. Of all the family I am her favorite—'because you are the one who feeds her,' I am told. She likes to lie in my lap, and she will look up in my face and lay her head against me in a very loving manner. She has many pretty ways. I will come into the room in the morning and find her sitting in a chair; I will speak to her and go and bend over her, and she will rise up on her hind feet and rub her nose against mine. Again and again she will stand up this way, and if at length she thinks it time to have some reward she will give my nose a gentle little bite, which usually brings me to terms.

I never saw Zoska lose her temper. Sometimes if the person who is holding her does not treat her just as she likes, she will leave very abruptly, but she harbors no hard feelings.

As time goes on she seems to jump better and better. I have found just how she wants to have things for this work. There is one particular window-sill she likes the best. A chair is not firm enough, and from any other window-sill she does not jump so far.

She nearly always understands when I want her to show off this trick, and I sometimes think she does her best before a number of spectators. She jumps to the window-sill and gets her feet in exactly the right position: I stand off eight feet from her, my right foot advanced a little; for a moment she pauses, looking intently at me and seeming to calculate the distance with her eye, then she gives a leap, there is an eight-foot streak of blue gray, and she lands a little above my right knee. She climbs up to get her bit of bread or meat and

her word of praise, then jumps down and returns to the window-sill, her ears slightly turned back as she trots along as if she were listening to the exclamations of surprise from the spectators.

There are but one or two other people for whom she will jump, and even then will go but two or three feet, but she has perfect confidence in me and I never betray it. A few times there have been accidents; another cat has been in the way or she jumped before I was ready, so that she missed her footing and fell to the floor. I could see that she did not like it and would not do as well for a time, but I think she understood that it was accidental.

Zoska has a daughter and son, the first a year and a half, and the other six months old, and these are all the kittens she has had. They are as large as their mother and the same color, so that strangers cannot tell the three apart. Her children, however, are not as intelligent and have not as good dispositions as their mother. I have tried to teach them, but although one can jump a little and the other will drink milk from a spoon, they will never be as accomplished as Zoska. —'Pres. Banner.'

## Cyril's Unpleasant Task.

Cyril thought that practicing the piano was the most monotonous occupation in the world. You would not have thought that he was a very musical or pleasant little boy if you had seen his face puckered up in an ugly frown as he thumped up and down the key-board practicing scales and exercises. Mother gave him a tiny clock to stand on the piano so that he might be able to see how the time went, and of all the long half-hours the music practice one was the longest.

As soon as the long hand came round to the last minute of his allotted time Cyril jumped down off the stool, clapped his hands, gave a big shout of joy and soon scampered off into the garden to play. Many a time he begged his father and mother to let him stop learning to play, but they only told their little boy that one day he would be very glad that he had been forced to do what he did not want.

One night years after, in an old city church, the sound of the organ stole softly down the darkened aisles, then swept in soothing cadence up into the high-vaulted roof. The sound widened and again it passed down the centre aisle till it came to the place where a poor penitent, with bowed head, knelt alone, praying for mercy and forgiveness.

At the sound of the music she raised her head, for it dispelled her doubt and filled her with a wondrous peace. The message of the music had entered into her soul and she went back into the world glad and brave, knowing that she had received an answer of peace.

Have you already guessed that Cyril was the organist. He had grown into a man, renowned everywhere for his musical genius, and he loved music more than anything else in the world, but he never knew what the good playing had done to that poor woman. Don't you think that he would have been more than ever grateful to his kind parents for giving him the opportunity of learning to play?—M. Harley Jones.

## Spool Bubbles.

(By Hattie Torrence, in 'Youth's Companion.')

For three days it had been 'misty-moisty' weather.

'Too damp for my chickies to be out-of-doors,' said mama, as Alice and Harry came into the room where she lay—not very ill, to be sure, but not able to be up and go down-stairs.

'What can we do?' thought the children.

'O mama, can you please give us two empty spools?' asked Harry. Mama told him where to find them, for she usually kept some in a machine drawer for just such requests. Harry brought the spools, got a wash-bowl, and seemed to be washing his hands, but he really was making soap-suds. Then both the children dipped their spools in the soapy water, rubbed the wet end on the soap in the soap-dish, and then blew through the spools.

'Look, mama! O look!' excitedly exclaimed Alice, as an immense bubble grew at the end of the spool. First it had rosy colors, then greenish, then a wonderful golden tint, gradually changing to a rich purple and indigo, then—snap!—it was gone. Each tried to see which could blow the largest bubble, and they soon found they could spend no breath on exclamations, so they tried to call out without taking the spools from their mouths; but this made such funny little grunts and squeals that they could not blow for laughing.

'O mama, see my bubble grow small!' said Alice.

'Yes, dear. The hole in the spool is so large, the air comes out rapidly. Place your finger over the hole till you blow again. And when you stop to take a new breath put your tongue over it, and the bubble will keep its size.'

Then both Alice and Harry touched the bubbles they were blowing together, and often they became one large one, into which both were blowing.

Then Harry found a reed stem and stuck it into his spool, and stood on a chair, so that the bubbles would be high up in the air. He would blow them the size of very large oranges, and throw them over toward mama, who tried to fan and blow them up toward the ceiling.

'O Harry, look! I blew that bubble in two,' said Alice, as two smaller bubbles chased away from her, followed by 'a tiny baby one,' as Harry called it.

'But just see here, Alice,' and Harry was throwing a small bubble off the end of his spool, catching it and blowing a new one immediately. 'I just now blew seven that way,' said he. So Alice tried it. By this time papa had come home, and after a few minutes of admiring the size and pretty colors of these fairy balls, they went down to supper, as happy as if the sun had been shining all day.


## A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 12, 1905.

## Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem

Ezra viii, 21-32.

### Golden Text.

The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him.—Ezra viii., 22.

### Home Readings.

Monday, November 6.—Ezra viii, 15-23.
Tuesday, November 7.—Ezra viii, 24-36.
Wednesday, November 8.—Ezra vii, 6-16.
Thursday, November 9.—Ezra vii, 19-28.
Friday, November 10.—Ezra ix, 5-15.
Saturday, November 11.—Ezra x, 1-14.
Sunday, November 12.—Deut. vii, 1-11.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Ezra was a saviour of Judaism. It was a crisis in the national life. Seventy years had passed since the return from the captivity. Zerubbabel, the prince of Judah, had left the little colony in Jerusalem, and gone back to Babylon, his birthplace, to end his days. The defences of Jerusalem were still unfinished. There was a sort of creeping paralysis of indifference in Church and State. There was no enthusiasm, no sturdy faith. There was a widening gap between nobles and rustics. Paganism was making subtle inroads. Then appeared the 'second Moses.' The nobility of Ezra's personal character and his worth to his nation can hardly be overestimated. He put an imprint upon his Church which it bears to this day. And as Christianity is evolved from Judaism, Christianity itself may be said to bear to some extent the marks of the 'good scribe.'

The character and achievements of Ezra would furnish material for a shining and patriotic lyric. He was such stuff as reformers are made of. 'He had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord and to do it and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments.' He was a man who could bring things to pass in spite of most unfavorable conditions. So that a heathen monarch put a carte blanche order into his hands for such supplies and money as might be necessary to the success of his enterprise.

Ezra's splendid faith and courage shine out in the very inception of his delicate and dangerous enterprise. His path grows brighter as he crosses 1,000 miles of Bedouin-infested desert. It reaches its full splendor as he enters the Holy City and discharges his duty with unswerving and noble patriotism. Ezra's discretion is shown in his three days' pause at the river Ahava, and his careful inspection of his company, and his re-enforcing it with representatives of the priesthood, before starting on the march. His declining the armed cavalcade supplied by the king to guard the caravan was a triumph of faith and prayer. The dangers were real and great. The fact that the company was treasure-laden was matter of common report, and there were robber bands in the way. But the journey was essentially a religious one. Ezra believed that the educational power of the movement would be discounted if he leaned upon the arm of flesh. He had an assurance of safety before he started. How modest the record: 'So we fasted and besought our God for this and He was entreated of us.'

The conditions which Ezra found on entering Jerusalem were deplorable in the last degree. All civic pride and national hope were gone. The people were utterly dispirited. All radiant prophecies were unfulfilled. The city was defenceless; no gates, no walls. Predatory bands made incursions at will. They left their dead and wounded in the streets, and carried away captives, to be sold into slavery. Under these conditions faith faltered, religious services were omitted, and as usual mutual suspicion and internecine strife had begun.

Ezra was God's man for the hour, then striking in Jewish history.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. Ezra: a saviour.
  The cause of his expedition to Jerusalem.
  His equipment.
  The journey, route, incidents, etc.
II. What Ezra found on arriving in Jerusalem.
  Depressed populace.
  Religion decadent.
  City defenceless.
  Internecine strife.
III. Ezra God's man for the hour.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Helpful side-lights come from remembering the contemporaries of Ezra. For example: When the journey to Jerusalem began Socrates was a boy of ten years old playing in the streets of Athens, Herodotus, the father of history, was writing his imperishable annals; Pericles, the immortal artist was building his matchless Parthenon.

Ezra's scrupulosity in money matters is well worthy of note. Nothing stuck to his fingers. He took care to guard himself against even the imputation. So he instituted a priestly commission to hold the treasure en route, and required a strict accounting.

The pause at the river Ahavah is very significant. The king of Babylon had given the expedition a fine equipment, but the King of heaven could give it a far more complete furnishing. The one was material; the other spiritual. The former was ingots of gold and silver; the latter, although immaterial, outweighed the former a thousand times. It was subjective and consisted in moral qualities of the soul. The latter was obtained in the three days of religious retreat, of abstinence, meditation, and communion with the Divine.

Religious times, places, and services need not be arbitrary and meretricious, but they are fairly indispensable as human nature is constituted. The soul, on its march to the heavenly Jerusalem, will probably never outgrow its need of a halt at the river of Ahavah.

There are seventy silent years between the completion of the temple and the enterprise of Ezra.

The scribe is an important link in the evolution of letters. From the crude shipping clerk, keeping tally of goods, or soldiers and prisoners, there was an advance to the royal secretary, and finally the recorder of the sayings of the prophets.

The object of Ezra's journey was twofold: To embellish the temple, but chiefly to reannounce and enforce the Hebrew law.

The weighing of the silver and gold was no unusual custom. As there was little or no coining of money in those days, commercial transactions were performed by means of scales, in which ingots of gold and silver were weighed. In this instance upwards of $30,000,000. (Rawlinson.)

The simplicity of this account is described by the fact that four words describe the journey, 'We came to Jerusalem.'

## C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 12.—Topic—The dangers of indulgence. Prov. xxiii, 29-35; Isa. v, 22-25. (A temperance meeting.)

THE DANGERS OF INDULGENCE.

Israel's poet-king and prodigy of wisdom sets himself to the task of painting the drunkard's portrait. It is a faithful likeness and horrid because faithful. The royal artist persists in his undertaking, though his canvas grows lurid and frightful under each successive stroke of the pencil. His picture has proved a veritable danger-signal, flashing its warning color upon successive generations for three thousand years. Its red light has proved a powerful deterrent to multitudes. Nowhere in literature is the woe, the sorrow, the folly, the fate of the drunkard so powerfully depicted.

That such a picture could be painted thirty centuries ago sufficiently proves the antiquity of the vice. Drunkenness is no modern sin or mere accident of our civilization. It is as old as Noah, and older.

This is no pleasing fancy sketch of genius nor happy aesthetical study, but it deserves the close, respectful attention of every one who loves himself and his neighbor. No Christian can push this picture nonchalently aside unless his Bible permits him to say, 'I am not my brother's keeper.' No truly philanthropic spirit, Christian or not, can turn with indifferent coolness from this inspired canvas. It pictures the all-embracing 'woe,' making its piteous appeal to every one who professes to love his species.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

A LOVING DAUGHTER.

Monday, November 6.—The journey to Moab. Ruth i, 1-5.

Tuesday, November 7.—The return. Ruth i, 6-22.

Wednesday, November 8.—An industrious daughter. Ruth ii, 1-12.

Thursday, November 9.—A kind friend. Ruth ii, 13,17.

Friday, November 10.—The mother and daughter. Ruth ii, 18-23.

Saturday, November 11.—Ruth's reward. Ruth iv, 9-17.

Sunday, November 12.—Topic—A story of a loving daughter. Ruth i, 14-18; ii, 11, 12.

## Band of Hope Members.

('League Journal.')

Band of Hope members are, in the first instance, drafted from the Sunday School, but there all effort to increase the membership generally seems to cease, and the numbers, as a rule, become fewer and fewer as time goes on. The original members must, of course, be kept by never allowing them to miss attendance at more than two consecutive meetings without visiting them, while the increase of members can be secured in the following ways:—

1. By annually canvassing the Sunday School and ascertaining the names and addresses of scholars who are total abstainers, but who do not belong to any society, together also with those who are non-abstainers. These should afterwards be visited at their homes, and every effort made, and persuasive power used to induce them to become members of the Band of Hope.

2. By interesting the Sunday School teachers in the work, and seeking their co-operation by the use of their influence with all new scholars to become members. They might also be asked to occasionally introduce the subjects in the lessons.

3. By periodically arranging with the minister and superintendent of the Sunday school for Temperance addresses to be given to the scholars 'en masse.' Temperance Sunday might well be used for this purpose.

4. By encouraging the members to bring their friends, and by offering a medal or prize for the introduction of three or more new members during the year.

The consent of the parents should be obtained before a member is admitted, and every member should sign the pledge in the book kept for that purpose. He should be given a membership card, together with a card on which his subscriptions should be registered, and which should bear the distinctive number by which he is known and entered in the books. This latter card should be brought to every meeting. In very poor districts it is sometimes not advisable to make members pay; but, as a general rule, it should be done, as there is not the slightest doubt that the children will appreciate their membership all the more if they are, as it were, made proprietary members by reason of their payments. The regular attendance of the members should be recognised by prizes, occasional teas and other enjoyments, so dear to the heart of every child.

## Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

# Temperance

## Mr. Silas K. Hocking on the Evergrowing Evil.

'Terrible as war is' (writes Mr. Silas K. Hocking in the 'Saturday Weekly Citizen,') 'I have been forcibly reminded, in reading a novel, only recently published, and entitled "Wine on the Lees," by Mr. J. A. Steuart, that there is in our midst even a more terrible scourge than war, an enemy more to be dreaded than pestilence; a foe more destructive to all that is best in English life and character than war, famine, and pestilence combined. I refer to the wide-spread and ever-growing evil of drink. Mr. Steuart approaches the question not as a Temperance advocate, but as a novelist pure and simple. He has no remedy that he believes is a cure for all diseases; his aim is evidently to give a faithful picture of things as they exist. He is not a social reformer. He mentions a number of remedies that are advocated by this man and that, but he does not pin his faith to any of them. . . . For twenty years we have practically done nothing to lessen the power of the drink traffic. Like a huge octopus, it has been spreading out its tendrils further and further, sucking the life, and virtue, and honor out of the nation. To say that we have passed through a period of unexampled prosperity is not to the point; to say that we can still hold our own with other nations does not mend matters at all. Relatively to other nations we do not occupy the position that we occupied twenty years ago. Commercially, other nations have outstripped us; I mean by that, that the proportion of their growth has been much more rapid than ours. There seems to be no Government in the country that is able to grapple with the evil. Like a huge despot, it is able to dictate terms, to command the vote, to control Parliament, to pollute at its will the very springs of our national life.'

## Notes for the Temperance Workers.

(The 'Christian Age.')

In one factory you will see men take the beautiful, golden grain and transform it into intoxicating liquor, sent forth to break hearts, destroy homes, and ruin bodies and souls. In another factory men take the disgusting tarry refuse of the gas-maker, and get from it our loveliest coloring dyes and sweetest perfumes. So some men turn into evil all the good influences God gives them, while other men are strong to derive good even from the worst fortunes and surroundings. Which will you be?

At a recent meeting of publicans in Ohio, one of them warned the others that their craft was in danger unless the army of drinking men could be constantly recruited. 'Men past thirty,' he said, 'seldom acquire a drinking habit. It is the boys who grow up to drink who will furnish our regular customers. Nickels judiciously expended in treating boys will yield us dollars in the future.' The same reasoning will explain why cigarette dealers are anxious to secure the custom of boys.

Every drunkard was once an innocent child. The whole army of drunkards has been made out of innocent children.

Sir Samuel Chisholm has written a paper for the Scottish National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations on 'The Claims of Temperance on Young Men.' 'It may in some cases,' says the writer, 'though I believe in far fewer than we imagine, be a genuine sacrifice to give up entirely the use of intoxicating drink, even in moderation, but all true life is based on sacrifice—sacrifice in act—or sacrifice in will, when the actual opportunity is not afforded, and the man who has never faced this is the merest worldling, and his life a moral farce.

The excuses which Daniel and his companions might have made for yielding to temptation were essentially the same as those presenting themselves to modern youths who are tempted to intemperance.

My natural appetite craves these good things, and why should I oppose nature?

But they wisely perceived that the higher life is to be won only by subordinating the lower desires, keeping the body under.

How can I get on in the world if I set myself up against common customs and the wish of influential men?

But they knew that it is safer and more prosperous to 'get on with God' than to 'get on in the world.'

Why should I make myself singular and unpopular?

They knew that one smile from God is worth more than all the applause of men, and counterbalances all men's sneers and ridicule.

How can I help yielding, any way? My livelihood, my very living, depends upon it.

These four youths had learned that he who finds his life loses it, if he finds it through compliance with evil; and that he who loses his life finds it, if he loses it in obeying God.

## Insurance Deserts Tipplers.

The latest news in life insurance circles is astonishing the tipplers. Prohibition argument against moderate drinking has been robbed of its thunder by the dispassionate figures of the actuary, and the daily press of the country has been flashing despatches from New York that the 'old line' companies are about to fall into step with the big transportation and industrial corporations and put a premium on abstinence. The facts of this latest advance come not from prohibitionists nor temperance advocates, but straight from the headquarters of the conservative 'old line' companies of the metropolis and are first announced in the indifferent and frequently hostile channels of the Associated Press. The despatches take special pains to emphasize the fact that the new conclusions of the life insurance experts are based on 'a voluminous mass of testimony on the question' which is 'free from the prejudice which stultifies most of the prohibition literature.' This gratuitous slur on the reliability of prohibition publications can be gracefully waived by the most strenuous champion of the reform, for the simple reason that the actuaries' figures and the conclusions that accompany this disparagement, are the strongest proofs of the correctness of the prohibitionist's argument that could possibly be asked for. These newly-arrived-at conclusions of the insurance statistician are the most remarkable facts as to the relation of the moderate drinker to longevity and the expectation of life yet brought to light.—'New Voice,' Chicago.

## Bhuddist's Comment.

Amagárika Dharmapala, an Indian temperance missionary of the Bhuddist faith, said at a meeting in America: 'The temperance movement began in India five thousand or more years ago. If we discard the records Western people call mythology, we still have two thousand five hundred years as a certain period. Now, notwithstanding the corruptions which have grown up around the ancient religion, the Indian people never got very far wrong on the question of temperance—until India was subdued by Western people (Christians). I am trying to bring the people back to the common-sense teaching of the old religion (please note: not of Christ, but of Bhudda). That religion enjoins "abstinence" for the following reasons: 1st, by drunkenness you open the gates of Hell; 2nd, you lose your wealth, you introduce quarrelsomeness into the family, you breed disease in the organism, you lose all sense of shame, etc. The doctrine of incarnation taught that idiots and lunatics were people who drank in a previous state. Thus psychologically, physiologically, and ethically the danger of taking intoxicants was taught many years ago.' Contrast this with the following: At a recent meeting of some Indian Christians at which several Europeans were present a tableau was presented. The representation was a 'European drunkard.' A native, his face painted white, had donned European clothes. Another sat at a table covered with bottles pouring out liquor. The European came reeling in, purchased liquor and drank it. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University, whose diploma he showed. He had lost a good place as constructing engineer, after spending all his money. He removed his shoes to pay for more drink then his coat. At last he fell on the floor dead drunk.

Hindus, Mohammedans, Bhuddists, and native Christians despise the European for his drunkenness. All students should let this be a stimulus to consecrated effort and systematic study. Many educated and estimable people at home still have a lingering faith in the virtues of John Barleycorn. 'Temperance workers, wake up!'—The 'Temperance Leader.'

## A Startling Statement.

'Shut out the sale of liquor from Cleveland and you may strip the city prison of half its cells,' says parole officer H. D. Crane, 'and from the wrecks of manhood and womanhood that now crowd the workhouse I will rebuild homes of happiness and prosperity.

'I will give back children to their parents, parents to their children, and sweethearts to their mates. To art I will restore more than one genius, to literature I will return real men of letters; I can add to those who rank in mechanics, the sciences, and in commerce. But so long as the liquor traffic grows in Cleveland, larger and larger yearly will grow the workhouse store of wrecked careers.'

It is a startling temperance sermon that is preached by the silent records of the city prison. Of the 1,785 men, women and children who have been inmates thus far in 1905, only 14 have not confessed that they are slaves to the whisky habit. By their own admissions, drink was directly or indirectly responsible for the imprisonment of more than 99 per cent. of them.

Among these is a mother, who has thrice passed down the corridor that leads to the women's quarters, stuffing her fingers in her ears that she might not hear the screams and curses of her children.

Recently, a man sent up for drunkenness found that both his wife and his former sweetheart were sharing adjacent cells, one because she was habitually intoxicated, and the other convicted of vagrancy, brought about by drink.

Of the 234 prisoners confined there since June began—more than one-fifth of whom are women—just one is not addicted to liquor drinking. He is a boy of 18 years of age. And of the five prisoners who have died there this year, three were victims of alcoholic delirium.

A week ago a gray-haired man sought death by suicide rather than endure slower tortures. When they found him in his cell he was clutching his throat, calling pitifully for just one drink. As the attendants reached him his body stiffened and his hands fell from his throat to his side. Upon the face that had been suffused with pain crept a slight smile. 'Thank God,' he said faintly, 'I am dying.' A moment later he was dead.

'But the greatest horror of all,' says the parole official, 'is, that one-sixth of these rum victims brought to us are women.—'Cleveland 'Press.'

## Temperance in the Arctic Regions.

Dr. Nansen, who made a very successful voyage in the Arctic regions, returning in the winter of 1896, after a stay of three years, would not take with him any intoxicating drinks, not even for use as medicine. He believed that some of the former voyages failed because of the scurvy brought on by the use of alcohol.

On the other hand, during one of the voyages of Sir John Franklin, none were so healthy, or did so much work, as those who never took strong drink. Adams Ayles, one of the under officers, was a teetotaler; throughout the whole of the voyage he was never ill, and gained a prize for exceeding all the others of the crew in working the sledges.—'Temperance Leader.'

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

# Correspondence

B.H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the stories in the 'Messenger' are very interesting. I like reading very much, and have read quite a number of books. I like little birds, and I believe that everyone does. I think it is cruel to rob them. I think the spring and autumn are the nicest seasons of the year. In the spring time flowers, grass and leaves come. The trees are all yellow in the fall, and besides that autumn brings that hazy time called Indian summer. The piece of poetry in the Fourth Reader about the 'Death of the Flowers' is lovely.

F. L. TRAVISS.

C., Man.

Dear Editor,—I now sit down to the awful task of writing a letter. We are given the 'Messenger' by a friend, and like it very much. I live in the country, and like it first rate. I will now tell you what my home is like. The house is situated on quite a large hill at the edge of a pretty wood. Numerous pretty plants and vines grow in this wood, and it is quite pleasant to walk along the shadowy paths in spring or summer. From up the hill you can get many pretty views. I will now tell you what I am like myself. I have dark brown hair and eyes. My height is four feet eleven inches. The last time I was weighed (but that was quite a long time ago), I weighed 64 pounds. I am going to school, and like it very much. I take up nine different studies. We have great times at school. The other day we got our teacher out and boys and girls engaged in a snowball combat. But I will not say which side won. How many of the girls are afraid of frogs? I am for one (I imagine I hear the boys laughing at me). This time I am coming to ask a favor of the Editor. I am very fond of making up pieces, and if the Editor does not mind I would like to have this one published.

BE HAPPY.

The birds are beautifuls creatures
That warble their songs so fair,
Each spot is full of sunshine,
If they are only there.

The flowers have beautiful blossoms,
Their fragrance is lovely too.
And some have exquisite colors,
I think so—now, don't you?

The trees are marvellous specimens
Of God's handiwork below,
And the birds in their swaying branches,
Sing as if they surely know—

That there is a great Creator,
That has made the world so glad,
Then try and be happy brother,
Not always complaining and sad.

AGNES DAVIES (13 years old).

O., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I have read the 'Messenger' a long time, and it is not till now that I have had courage to write. I am 10 years of age, weigh 68lbs., my birthday is January 7, and I am four feet nine inches high, and have passed the Entrance. The certificate or diploma is very pretty this year. I have read many books; my favorites being the 'Elsie Series,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Queechy,' 'Working to Win,' and 'From Jest to Earnest.' Have you read these?

MARION THOMPSON.

L., Kansas.

Dear Editor,—It has been a long time since I have written a letter to your paper. Our school commenced last Monday. We have a new brick schoolhouse. It is very nice, too. My teacher's name is Miss Howard. I think she is a real good teacher. The men are moving the old school house now. They had a breakdown yesterday, the trucks broke down, so it will be a good while before they will get it moved away. There is a large basement under the new school house, and there is a furnace in it. There are three rows of seats in the new house, and twenty-two scholars. We had frost here last night, but not very hard. I have very many pretty flowers yet. I have some that bloom when there is snow.

The leaves are turning all colors, and are falling to the ground. There are a good many wild flowers now. I have eight studies this year, they are reading, arithmetic, geography, spelling, physiology, United States history, grammar and penmanship. There are twenty-six classes that recite in one day. There is a large hackberry tree in the school yard; it has a good many berries on it.

There was a fair at L. last week, and so I went down one day. I went in to a show, and I rode on the merry-go-round.

J. WINIFRED TAYLOR.

R.B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—A few years have elapsed since I have taken the 'Messenger,' but I still find in it the same interesting reading as before. A mile from here, at Riverport, a schoolhouse with four rooms in it is getting built. A week from to-night a garden party will be held under the auspices of the Lutheran Ladies' Aid Society. The R. B. Band will afford music on this occasion. During this summer I have rung on the Lutheran and Presbyterian church bells. A few Indians, including a boy, old blind lady, and middle-aged woman, camped near the seashore this summer.

LAWRENCE H.

S.B., Cal.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. My aunt in Canada is sending it to me for a birthday present, and I enjoy reading the stories and also letters from the boys and girls. I go to school, and am in the third grade. I like it very much. I have had one hundred perfect in my lessons every day but once since school started. I live near the Arrowhead Mountain. It is named that because there is the form of an arrow head on the side of the mountain. Near this arrow head are hot springs, and the water boils up out of the earth. One day when some friends of Mamma's were out here from the East we went up there. We took some eggs with us and boiled them in three minutes. I have a dog named Snap. I taught him to carry in the paper when it comes in the morning. He will also carry in wood. I have two brothers and a sister; they are Canadians. Mamma calls me her little Yankee. One of my brothers goes to school at Stanford University. I want to go there when I get big.

RUBY HAZEL BORLAND.

B., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school, and I like it very much. I have two brothers and four sisters. We have a horse, cow, dog, and kitten. I go to school almost every day, and am in the Seventh Grade. We had a picnic for the Sunday school in August, out in the woods, and had a lovely time. I shall be 14 on December 15. I love to read books. I will tell you some of the books I have read. They are: 'Little Mother,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Louisanna,' 'The Gates Ajar,' 'Little Fishers and their Nets,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and the 'Elsie Books.'

NELLIE MACDONALD.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'With pail and cane.' Johnny Ling (13), B., P. E. I.

2. 'Come here little dog to thy master's hand, Come, learn to sit up, on both feet to stand.' Marion Thompson, O., P. E. I.

3. 'Squirrel.' Sadie T. L. Page (11), D., Ont.

4. 'Horse's head.' Lorne Moore (10), B.M., Ont.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

### LABRADOR COT FUND.

E. F. Cullum, Victoria, B.C., $5.00; Bright Hope Union Sunday School, Burnley, $3.50; Ellen Jean Taylor, Vankleek Hill, $1.60; Mrs. R. J. Miller, Maria, $1.00; total, $11.10.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## God's Love.

'Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

'And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.'

—Saxe Holm.

## A Mother's Sorrow.

(M. H., in the Michigan 'Advocate.')

When we first took possession of our new home in the fourth ward of Ludington, Mich., Mrs. O'Donald was among my very first visitors. Soon after she went away and was gone several weeks. Upon her return I hastened to call on her, when she told me the following pathetic story:

'I have just returned from Canada. Mother died while I was there, and I stayed to attend the funeral. I went home a year ago to attend brother Georgie's funeral; but these were such glad funerals. So different from any others I evef saw or heard of. Georgie was thirty years old when he died. He was weak-minded. Went into a fit when he was four years old, and it ruined his intellect. He was never the same again.

'Mother raised a big family, and Georgie was the youngest, and, she often said, the brightest of them all. Father died when Georgie was a baby, and after that mother used to take in a great deal of work to help in our support. One day, when she was busier than usual, Georgie seemed possessed by the very spirit of mischief. Time after time she chided him, but to no purpose. He only got out of one scrape to get into another. At last mother got clear out of patience and said: "Georgie, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you to the old Boo-boo!" This seemed to settle him down, for she turned back to her kneading-board and heard no more from him while she put her bread in the tins. But when she took up the largest pan of loaves and turned to take it to the stove, it was only by the greatest effort that she saved herself from falling headlong over little Georgie, who was hiding under her skirts right close to her feet, all humped up and keeping as still as a mouse, to surprise her when she turned around.

'Over behind the kneading-board, on the back of the work-table, was a half of a sheep covered with a cloth. The child had not seen it brought in. An unfortunate idea came into mother's mind. She put down the bread and took up the mutton. "Georgie Murphy," she said, "did I not say I'd give you to the Boo-boo?" and she thrust out the mutton, head foremost, toward the laughing little boy. He stared at it in horror for a moment, and then fell on the floor in a fit. He was always called foolish after that. His body grew, but his mind never gained a bit from that day.

'It hurt mother terribly to see his condition. She tended and watched over him and worked for him, and for a long time clung to the hope that he would outgrow the effects of the shock; but she finally gave up all hopes of anything better, and from that time her daily prayer was that God would spare her life and allow her to take care of her poor boy as long as he lived.

'She gave up every amusement and pleasure in life for Georgie. He cared for no one else, so she just lived for him. He followed her about the house like a little child when he was a tall man, and minded everything she told him. When they walked out he kept hold of her hand, but they seldom left their own yard. Mother was never impatient again.

'Whatever the rest might do without, our Georgie was always well dressed and comfortably cared for. He was always delicate in health, but only ill one week when he died. How mother rejoiced at his release! She was so certain that his mind would be sound in heaven. But she missed him everywhere, from having him always with her so many years; and when she was so sick that the doctor told her she would go soon, her delight was wonderful to witness. We all rejoiced at her happiness when she told us God forgave her long ago, and she was going to a happy home to enjoy herself forever. She made one great mistake in her life, but she gave her whole life to make up for it.'

## Dont's for Mothers.

Don't fail to insist on good table manners. They are so easily taught and promptly acquired.

Don't make a promise unless you are sure you can fulfill it. Should some untoward reason prevent you from so doing apologize to your child as courteously as you would wish him to apologize to you. Like begets like.

Don't give your children a chance to question your absolute justice. Children have long memories.

Don't deceive your children when a physician or dentist is required. Tell them the truth and give them your moral support.

Don't tolerate 'whining' or 'tale-bearing.'

Don't fail to instil honor and truthfulness. To 'face the music' often requires courage, but it pays.

Don't fail to teach kindness to all dumb creatures.

Don't scoff at the tribulations of little people. They suffer very keenly.

Don't forget that when the ten-year mile-stone is reached the personal education between mother and child should be very nearly perfect.

Don't forget that school life opens a new world. Fit your child to enter it morally as well as mentally.

Don't send your child to the first school which comes handy. Remember that much depends upon this daily association.

Don't fail to invite your children's confidence. Live so close to their hearts that all sense of years is obliterated.

Don't strive to divert a natural desire to learn the why and wherefore of our being. Make the story so beautifully chaste, so true, that it becomes a matter of course. Don't, as you value your motherhood, and would bind your children to you permit others to make these precious disclosures.

## Household Hints.

### MIXING THE STARCH.

Cold water starch should be mixed in the proportion of one tablespoonful of starch to a half pint of water; four drops of spirits of turpentine and as much borax as will lie on a dime, dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water. This quantity will do up one shirt, or about four collars and two pairs of cuffs. A pint of starch will do for three shirts.

The shirt must be perfectly dry before beginning. If the cuffs are joined to the sleeves dip your fingers in a cup of cold water and dampen the sleeve where it joins the cuff, taking care not to wet the cuff itself, to prevent starch spots coming on it. Do the same thing again all around the bosom, taking care not to wet the stiff part, beginning at the back of the collar. Then sprinkle the calico part of the shirt all over, and starch the front and cuffs. Before dipping each, one at a time, into the little bowl of starch, stir it up well with the fingers, and gather the cuff tightly up in the hand so that only the part to be stiffened touches the starch. Squeeze the liquid out and then rub the cuff briskly with the hands to ensure the starch thoroughly permeating the linen; repeat this before treating the front and the other cuff in the same way. The collar band, unless the collar itself is attached to the shirt, should be only half starched. The shirt must then be rolled up tightly, with the starched parts folded together, and set at one side for an hour or longer if convenient.

### CHINA CEMENT.

I have a home-made china cement that has been used for years in our household and never known to fail. Soak in a little cold water about two cents' worth of gum arabic. When it has swollen considerably, pour a little boiling water over it and dissolve till it is like a thin, very sticky glue. Into this stir plaster of paris to make a thick paste. After using it I scrape all that remains into a glass vaseline box with a screw cover, and it will keep a long time. If it grows hard pour in a teaspoon of gum arabic water and in a few hours it will be soft enough to use. When mending china, brush this paste on the broken edges with a fine pointed knife, then press the broken pieces together, holding them for five minutes or so till the paste hardens.—'Good Housekeeping.'

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Brent Good
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

$12 WOMAN'S FALL SUITS $4.50
MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $15.00, Jackets, Raincoats, Waists and Skirts at manufacturers prices. Send for Fall Samples, Cloths and Fashions to No. 1
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Canada.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY
And R. R. ACCOUNTING.
$50 to $100 per month salary assured our graduates under bond You don't pay us until you have a position. Largest system of telegraph schools in America. Endorsed by all railway officials OPERATORS ALWAYS IN DEMAND. Ladies also admitted. Write for catalogue.
MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY,
Cincinnati, O., Buffalo, N. Y., Atlanta, Ga., La Crosse Wis. Texarkana, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

LADIES Fancy Mercerised Girdle and our Catalogue of Ladies' Goods sent free for three 2c stamps N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., Dept. 1, London, Ont.

THE BABY'S OWN

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

To Separate Addresses.

Single copy.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 40c
Three copies to separate addresses .. .. $1.00
Four copies to separate addresses. .. .. 1.20
More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

S. S. Clubs.

Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum.

Postage.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, also Cuba, Great Britain, Mexico, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'